

Strong Feet, Shaky Arms by adkinsmayo

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, F/M, Fluff and Angst, Jim Hopper x you, Reader-Insert, Tears, Trauma, jim hopper x reader - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Reader

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/Original Female Character(s)

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-05-16

Updated: 2018-05-16

Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:49:17

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,649

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Prompt Request Fill: “21 and 26. Stay the fuck there; I’m coming to get you. Could you just hold me for a minute? Please?”

Hopper has seen some shit and none of it has really affected him until tonight. Portraits of broken bones and limp bodies have a much bigger impact now that you’re in his life. He can’t stop thinking about it being your body under a white sheet. He knew where you were and he knew where he wanted you to be. All he could see was red and all he needed to see was you.

Strong Feet, Shaky Arms

“Do you ever feel cursed?”

One fire truck, three ambulances, six officers. That’s what showed up at the scene. Chief Jim Hopper was one of those officers.

“You wanna know the worst thing that's ever happened here in the four years I've been working here?”

But turns out, it was all for naught. The only thing needed was Hopper to fill out the report and a single ambulance.

“Do you wanna know the worst thing?”

Two cars. Six passengers total. Six fatalities total.

Two stuck out.

One female, early forties, wavy and short brown hair. Hair like Joyce’s. Age like Joyce’s.

One female, early-to-mid thirties, Y/H/C hair. Hair like yours. Age like yours.

Both the only passengers in one of the cars.

His vision was blurred as soon as he stepped onto the graphic scene, but in the light of only the moon and the lit flares laid around the perimeters of the accident, the hair sticking out from under the white sheet covering the woman’s body seemed incredibly familiar. Hopper’s mouth went dry, his heart dropped into his stomach, his face turned white, and his entire being was vibrating in fear. You and Joyce went out drinking for a ‘girl’s night’ tonight. He knows you. He knows you both wouldn’t be stupid enough to drive drunk. The car the firemen pulled the bodies out of, although totaled, he could tell it was neither your car nor Joyce’s. So why can’t he shake this feeling? Why can’t he breathe?

“You alright there, chief?”

“Fine.”

That was all he could say. He had no idea who he just spoke to. Everything was red. He couldn't see anything but red, like the lights of a siren shining bright in his skull. Red like the flush on your cheeks that grew when he told you he loved you. Red like the blood that pulsed through your veins, making your heart pound in your chest when he held you against his own. Red like the blood that was drying on the asphalt of a road he couldn't name. Blood that wasn't yours, but what if it had been?

What would happen if he lost you?

His arms suddenly got too heavy to hold up anymore so he lets them fall into his lap. Luckily, his feet knew where to take him and they had taken him to a gas station, parked right up next to a phone booth.

“Sweetheart, your sweetheart's on the phone. Says he needs a word and sounds like he needs one real bad.”

The bartender tells you, interrupting the bellowing laughs you had been sharing with Joyce.

“Oh, here we go.”

Joyce groans at you as she rolls her eyes and crosses her arms in front of her.

“You'd think he could hold off on the lecture until after I got home.”

You get up from the stool you had been sitting on in front of the bar and head over to the end where the bartender was holding the phone out for you.

“Just can't give me one night with you to myself can he?”

Joyce calls out to you. You blow out a laugh between your loosely closed lips as you pulled the phone up to your ear.

“Yes, Hop-“

“Where are you right now?”

Hopper asks you in a firm tone, his mouth right against the microphone so you could hear his shaky breaths. Your grin quickly fades and your heart starts to patter faster in worry.

“I’m at Joe’s. Girl’s night, remember? Jim, what’s going on? Did something happen?”

“Stay the fuck there; I’m coming to get you.”

“Hopper, wha- why would-“

Before you could ask him anything more, he hangs up. You tap the phone against your chest, your eyes darting back and forth across the floor as your thoughts ran wild.

“Everything okay, sweetheart?”

You jump a little when the bartender spoke up when he made his way back over to you, you were too wrapped up in your own head to focus on anything else.

“Yeah, yeah- Jim’s just gonna come pick me up, so I’ll go ahead and pay the tab.”

You hand him back the phone for him to hang back on the wall and give him a reassuring smile before heading back over to Joyce. Once you were close enough, she could see that look on your face. She gets up from her stool to stand in front of you, grabbing your biceps and rubbing her thumb up and down in an attempt to comfort you.

“Honey, what happened? Tell me what’s going on.”

“I-I don’t know. Hopper just said he’s coming to get me. He sounded-god, he sounded terrified. Or I think he did, he’s never sounded like this with me before, Joyce.”

Tears started to prickle at the corner of your eyes. You had no idea what was going on but if it had Hopper frazzled like this, your strong,

tough-as-nails, never faltering, Jim Hopper, it must've been something bad. Something really bad.

A little over ten minutes later, Jim pulled up to the bar. You decided to wait outside for him. Joyce stood outside with you, telling you small reassuring things to keep you grounded. He didn't look at either of you. As you got into the blazer, you tried to scan his face for any sign of anything. But there was almost nothing. No tears, no tightening jaw, his eyes were just wider than usual- like he had seen something horrible but couldn't bring himself to look away. You drove to the cabin in silence. You walked into the house in silence. All you felt you could do was follow him, waiting for him to tell you what he needed from you. You would do absolutely anything, but he just has to say what. Hopper stops just as you both step into the cabin. He pauses a moment with his back facing you, taking in a deep breath and releasing a shaky one. He turns to face you slightly and reaches out for your hand to guide you into your bedroom. He releases your hand as your step into the door and he walks away from you to simply sit on the bed.

"Hopper."

You whisper his name. Not to ask him anything, just to let him know that you were there. That you were real. You carefully walk over to stand in front of him. His chin was resting on his chest with his eyes squinted shut and his hands were clasped tightly together as they rested on his lap. You gently bring your hands to the sides of his head, urging him to lift his head up to face yours.

That's when he lost it. A shaky breath was exhaled through his nose and a current of tears fell from his eyes. His hands wrap around you at your waist, bringing you as close to him as possible. You attempt to quietly shush him as you wrap your arms around his head, pressing his face harder into your chest. As Hopper's silent cries grew into sobs, tears fell from your own eyes. You had no idea what had happened but it didn't matter. Jim isn't perfect. But seeing him practically broken like this has your heart in a vice, it's tendrils tightening as his sobs grow to full-on wails. You shush him louder, trail your fingers over his scalp, and press your lips into his hair,

anything to comfort him. His hands simply traveled all over you, like he wanted to be entirely sure that you were actually there.

“Baby, please tell me what happened.”

“I- I just can’t lose you Y/N. I’ve lost so much, already. I can’t- I don’t know what-“

You shush him gently again as his breaths quickened, pulling his face away from your chest for him to look at you. His swollen and reddened eyes have you almost losing it just as much as Hopper just had.

“I’m not going anywhere, Jim. I’m right here. I’m okay. You’re okay. I’m here.”

He snuffles before nodding his head, he had come down from that panic area but this inner battle going on inside of him still wasn’t over and you could tell. He brings his hands up to cover the ones you held against his face, his eyes falling shut again as he touched your skin.

“Could you just- could you just hold me for a minute? Please?”

He opens his eyes barely to look at your reaction. You smile as warmly as you were able and nod your head. If you opened your mouth, you were sure only sobs would come out. You pressed a kiss onto his warm forehead, his skin damp with a light layer of sweat. He really was terrified. You guided Jim to lay onto his back at first as you climbed onto the other side of him. You positioned yourself so that Hopper could turn over on his side and wrap his arms around your middle and hold his head against your stomach. This allowed you to mess with his hair and gently scratch his scalp as you whispered sweet nothings and told him how much you loved him. You could feel his body relax and becoming heavier against you as he fell asleep after about half an hour. But you had never been more awake. You continued to whisper your sweet nothings and play with his hair. You were scared that if you stopped, he would think you were gone. He can’t bare to even think of a world without you in it and every part of you felt the same about him. So your fingers trailed over the side of his face, anything to let him know you were still with

him. But mostly to make sure that he was still with you. That he was real.